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how badly mistaken I was. Aseptic conditions and how to maintain them, caring for the babe, watching its development which becomes more and more interesting, keep one interested. As one has almost three cases in one—medical, surgical, and care of the baby—it is harder than most cases and in most states the nurses receive more for this work.

Kansas.

G. L.

AROUND-THE-WORLD LETTERS

(Extracts from letter dated Japan, January 7)

DEAR EDITOR: The next day we moved on toward Kobe. This part of the trip is through the Inland Sea, and nothing lovelier can be imagined than steaming along slowly between the many islands covered with terraced rice fields, and with jutting rocks crowned with little gnarled trees, standing like lacework against the sky. When the sun suddenly glistened on a snow-capped peak in the background, we just caught our breath with sheer joy at the beauty of it all.

Kobe was not quite so cold, and here I learned the meaning of some of the decorations that had been conspicuous in Nagasaki as well as in Kobe. Every building is fringed with long tassels of rice straw. Just as the palm forms the chief emblem of joy or sorrow in Egypt and India, so rice, the chief article of food, expresses the emotions in Japan. Each doorway, from the highest to the lowest, according to purse and taste, had a decoration of bamboo, pine, rice, and oranges, expressive of fidelity, longevity, and plenty. Some of the carts had a little tied to a spoke of the wheel. The boats have it tied to the mast. Included in these New Year's decorations were many fluttering bits of white tissue-paper. These had all been blessed by the priest and wherever exhibited meant that the house and its inhabitants were blessed, that no evil could flourish there.

The shrines and temples are very interesting. There are no stated times for attending worship and there are no buildings with paid-for seats, like our churches. The Buddhist worships in the open air at all hours of the day. He drops his contribution in a large wooden trough before the shrine. Sometimes his offerings are works of art. In that case, they are tenderly preserved, sometimes under dust, within enclosures. Offerings of the choicest saki, a kind of rice whiskey, are stored in the shrine and dutifully drunk by the priests. A bronze statue of Buddha, forty-eight feet high, has one of the only two statues in Japan of the mother of Buddha in the shrine at the base. Here, also, is the baby Buddha, a cheerful little bronze in the Banzai position, kept shining by the many little hands which touch the part which on their own bodies is diseased. The naïve sentiment of the people made them place their best Port Arthur trophy, a huge cannon, next to their very best shrine. Here the children play and sing, climbing alike on gods and guns.

After seeing the town we went through the theatre street, gay with banners and fluttering flags. An advertisement thrust into our hands announced that the programme is changed "thrith a month." Also there is a comic picture of "The Wond-be Dog Trainer." The word barber is written bar ber. This part of the town had a sort of Coney Island atmosphere, so we stepped out of our rickshaws and viewed it on foot. Instead of hot sausages, there was the toothsome octopus boiling in a pot and dispensed to the luxurious on wooden sticks.

As all shops are open to the front, no wall at all, there is much to be seen by merely walking around slowly. We came to a pavilion apparently exhibiting beautiful embroidered kimonos. Admission was a cent and a half. Our guide was a German-Japanese lady, who said: "Those are bridal clothes, you will find them very beautiful and worth looking at." The figures had their backs towards us, and after we had duly admired that row, we filed around to see the next. A stream of Japanese men, women, and children were listening to an eager demonstrator. Imagine our astonishment when we found the front of these lay figures with their one garment fastened in a V below the umbilicus, exposing the breasts, and with the abdominal wall removed, showing little papier-maché Japanese babies,—the single baby, twins, triplets,—each one, apparently, hanging by its cord from the sternum of the figure. Our little party of five consisted of two married ladies, a man who is an artist, our guide, and me. The married ladies were shocked and wanted to run. It was left to the artist and the nurse to find in this exhibit material for the study of the question which is occupying the thoughts of our best thinkers and educators. Is there any spot in Europe or America where boys and girls of all ages with their parents, sisters, and brothers, or sweethearts, could view one figure after another—there were surely a dozen—without a smile or an obscene remark? Our guide told us there is no such thing as a vulgar remark or jest.

When we left Kobe, we had but a short sail to Yokohama, which we reached early in the morning. It is no wonder the Japanese adore Fujiyama, their beautiful sacred mountain. As we neared Yokohama everything was shrouded in pale gray mist out of which rose this snowy peak. Like a wonderfully contrived stage effect, the mist rolled away at the base, revealing more and more of the snow-white mountain, and at the same time the rising sun colored the peak a soft shell pink. That one lovely sight redeemed all the cold flowerless views that had gone before.

The shops were the most tempting of all we had seen. The nice clean habit of stepping out of their shoes at the door and walking on spotless matting in their stocking feet makes our mud tracks a disgraceful sight. The coolies carefully put the rickshaw rug around your knees, declining absolutely to soil it by tucking it around your feet. I saw one man getting apoplectic and the rickshaw man getting frantic over this little difference of opinion as to which part of the body should be protected from the cold.

Tokyo is about fifty minutes on the train from Yokohama. We spent a day there driving around in rickshaws. Some day it will be a very beautiful city, for the Emperor's palace stands on an eminence, surrounded by a moat, guarded by stone walls and ornamented by a beautiful park. Radiating from this as a centre, wide streets are being laid out and handsome buildings are being erected.

It is in Tokyo that one can get the cultivated pearl, directly from the discoverer, and many temptations were looked at, fondled, and laid back in their pretty cases with a sigh.

CHARLOTTE EHRLICHER.

[A letter from Anna C. Robinson will be given a personal answer if she will send her street address to the editorial office.—ED.]